THE ENTERTAINMENTS, *Set to* MUSICK, For an OPERA, call'd, The Lady's Triumph.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE ENTERTAINMENTS, SET TO MUSICK, FOR The *Comic-Dramatick* OPERA, CALLED, The Lady's Triumph.

Written by Mr. THEOBALD, AND Set to Muſick by Mr. GALLIARD.

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THE ENTERTAINMENTS FOR The Lady's Triumph.

In the Second Act.

SCENE, *Bedlam.*

Enters Mr. LEVERIDGE.

Mr. Lev. *RAGE ſhall have Room; let Diſcord thrive;*
Bid the God of War
Aſcend his Car,
And o'er the Globe with Fury drive.

Ha!

Ha! plead no more; —— the Wretch muſt die:
The *Eaſtern* Monarch has pronounc'd his Fate,
Nor ſhall Entreaties now reverſe his Doom.—
Quick, — Let that gloomy Courtier hence;
He has a factious, diſcontented Face.——
Not do it?— By the Pow'r of Kings, I dare.
Do not the ſpacious Realms around,
From *Indus* to the *Nile*, confeſs my Pow'r?
My Soul's on fire.— Oh, that I could aſcend
The Realms of Light, and ſit enthron'd on Clouds!
Thence hurl the Thunder, drive the fleecy Snow,
And make the Skies bluſh with uncommon (Lightnings!

Great Ambition! Pow'r Divine,
That doſt humane Breaſts refine,
How can'ſt Thou the Hero raiſe!

By Thee, his ſwelling Soul does riſe
To ev'ry noble Enterprize,
Aſpiring at Immortal Praiſe.

Great Ambition! Pow'r Divine,
That doſt humane Breaſts refine,
How can'ſt Thou the Hero raiſe!

Enters

Enters Mrs. BARBIER.

Mrs. Bar. *Cold in the ſilent Tomb he lies,*
And Virgins ſteal at Dead of Night,
With broken Hearts, and flowing Eyes,
To do his hallow'd Aſhes Right.

Alas! In vain I mourn his Fate;
Deaf to my unavailing Woe,
The cruel Gods refuſe to give me Reſt.——
But to th' *Elyſian* Plains I'll force my Way,
And thro' the gloomy Glades below
Seek out his wand'ring Shade:
Then never, never, will we part again.——
Each gliding Ghoſt ſhall murmur at our Bliſs;
While we th' Eternal Round of Hours
Improve with ſtill-renewing Joys!——
But waking Cares exclude Delight;
Pale Horrors, and Deſpair
Reign in my tortur'd Breaſt:
I cannot diſpoſſeſs the Tyrant Plagues.——
Then, let my Tears flow on,
Till Nature can no more their Streams ſupply,
And I, like *Niobe*, to Marble turn:
Or the kind Gods in Pity eaſe my Pain.

O Realms

O Realms of Night! O gloomy Pow'rs!
Receive me to your peaceful Bow'rs:

A Wretch, whom cruel Fate has made
Unfit for Light and upper Day,
Grows ſick of yon reſplendent Ray,
And, courting Death, invokes your Aid.

O Realms of Night! O gloomy Pow'rs!
Receive me to your peaceful Bow'rs.

Mr. *Lev.* Ceaſe, thou lamenting Fair One, ceaſe;
Let Sorrows on the Wretched wait.
Let Greatneſs, and Imperial Pleaſures
Woo thee to Joy, and ſooth thy troubled Soul.
Chuſe where thou wilt vouchſafe to reign,
And ſighing Kings ſhall for thy Love contend.

Mrs. *Barb.* Think not to calm the Tempeſt of my Grief
With vain, imaginary Joys.
Anguiſh is ſeated here,
And I to Death muſt mourn the lovely Boy.
Pleaſure and Love are with him dead;
And *Cupid* hangs his drooping Head.

Mr.

Mr. Lev. Impertinence of Woe!
Is there a Grief
Which Regal Honours cannot cure?

She. *To ſooth* } *the gen'rous* { *tender* } *Soul,*
He. *To fire* } { *daring* }

She. *'Tis Love* }
He. *Empire* } *alone has Charms:*

Both. *All other Paſſions I controul,*

She. *Love only gives* }
He. *Not Love can give* } *me Alarms.*

She. *To ſooth* } *the gen'rous* { *tender* } *Soul,*
He. *To fire* } { *daring* }

She. *'Tis Love* }
He. *Empire* } *alone has Charms.*

[Exeunt *ſeverally.*

SCENE, *a Garden.*

SONG,

Sung by Mrs. THURMOND.

OFT on the troubled Ocean's Face
Loud ſtormy Winds ariſe,
The murmuring Surges ſwell apace,
And Clouds obſcure the Skies:

But when the Tempeſt's Rage is o'er,
Soft Breezes ſmooth the Main:
The Billows ceaſe to laſh the Shore,
And All is calm again.

Not ſo, in fond and am'rous Souls,
If Tyrant Love once reigns;
There one Eternal Tempeſt rolls,
And yields unceaſing Pains.

Ah! cruel God, our Peace reſtore,
Or wound us with thy Shafts no more!

In the Third Act.

The *Tapeſtry-Scene.*

BALLAD,

Sung by Mr. PACK.

I.

ON a Bank of Flow'rs in a Summer Day,
Inviting and undreſt,
In her Bloom of Years bright Celia *lay,*
With Love and Sleep oppreſt:
When a Youthful Swain, with admiring Eyes,
Wiſh'd he durſt the fair Maid ſurprize,
With a fa, la, la, *&c.*
But fear'd approaching Spies.
When a youthful, *&c.*

II.

As he gaz'd, a gentle Breeze aroſe
That fann'd her Robes aſide,
And the ſleeping Nymph did the Charms diſcloſe,
Which, waking, ſhe would hide.

Then his Breath grew ſhort, and his Heart beat high,
He long'd to touch what he chanc'd to ſpy,
With a fa, la, la, *&c.*
But durſt not ſtill draw nigh.
Then his Breath, *&c.*

III.

All amaz'd he ſtood, with her Beauties fir'd,
And bleſs'd the courteous Wind;
Then in Whiſpers ſigh'd, and the Gods deſir'd
That Celia *might be kind.*
When, with Hope grown bold, he advanc'd amain,
But ſhe laugh'd loud in a Dream, and again
With a fa, la, la, *&c.*
Repell'd the tim'rous Swain.
When, with Hope grown, *&c.*

IV.

Yet when once Deſire has inflam'd the Soul,
All modeſt Doubts withdraw;
And the God of Love does each Fear controul,
That would the Lover awe.

Shall

Shall a Prize like this, ſays the vent'rous Boy,
'Scape, and I not the Means employ,
With a fa, la, la, *&c.*
To ſeize the profer'd Joy?
Shall a Prize, *&c.*

V.

Here the glowing Youth, to relieve his Pain,
The ſlumb'ring Maid careſs'd,
And with trembling Hands (O the ſimple Swain!)
Her ſnowy Boſom preſs'd.
When the Virgin wak'd, and affrighted flew,
Yet look'd, as wiſhing he would purſue,
With a fa, la, la, *&c.*
But Damon *miſs'd his Cue.*
When the Virgin, *&c.*

VI.

Now repenting that he had let her fly,
Himſelf he thus accus'd;
What a dull and ſtupid Thing was I,
That ſuch a Chance abus'd?

To

To thy Shame 'twill ſoon on the Plains be ſaid,
Damon *a Virgin aſleep betray'd,*
With a fa, la, la, *&c.*
Yet let her go a Maid.
To thy Shame, *&c.*

In

In the FIFTH ACT.

THE

MASQUE

OF

Decius and *Paulina.*

Dramatis Perſonæ.

DECIUS MUNDUS,	by	Mrs. *Barbier.*
SIMO, an Attendant on him,		Mr. *Leveridge.*
PAULINA,		Mrs. *Thurmond.*
IDA, an Attendant on her,		Mr. *Pack.*
PRIESTESS of ISIS,		Mrs. *Fitzgerald.*

PRIESTS, *and* DANCERS.

SCENE, *The Temple of* Iſis, *and adjacent Parts in* Rome.

DECIUS and *PAULINA*,
A
MASQUE.

SCENE I.

PAULINA, SIMO, *and* IDA.

Pau. *IN vain you ſtrive my Breaſt to move;*
I'm arm'd againſt the Force of Love.

Sim. Ah, fair *Paulina!* If the Charms
Of *Decius* touch not your relentleſs Soul,
Yet weigh his Wealth and boundleſs Pow'r,
And ſee, how bright theſe Jewels blaze!
[*Shews a Bracelet.*

Here Cupid *plays with wondrous Art,*
And ev'ry ſparkling Gem's a Dart.

Pau. Back to thy Lord his treach'rous Pre-
(ſents bear;
And, with Them, ſay how much I ſcorn his Love.
Ida, the ſolemn Hour's at hand,
When we at *Iſis'* hallow'd Shrine muſt bow.
Yet here? —— [*Looking on* Simo.
Then I muſt ſhun the Place,
For Virtue ſuffers when it treats with Shame.

Ye Pow'rs, that chaſter Thoughts inſpire,
And guard our Virgin Fame,
Let no licentious wild Deſire
My peaceful Breaſt inflame.

[Exit *Paulina.*

SCENE II.

SIMO, *and* IDA.

Sim. Ida.

Id. What ſays my *Simo* dear?

Sim. The Golden Hopes are fled;
Fantaſtick Sex! Ah, ſilly Pride,
A Gift of ſuch a Price to ſcorn!

'Tis not Virtue, but 'tis Vice
To be ſo reſerv'd and nice:
When they are ſo richly hir'd,
Why ſhould they doubt,
And why ſtand out,
When ſo little is requir'd?
'Tis not Virtue, but 'tis Vice
To be ſo reſerv'd and nice.

Id. Muſt Women then, becauſe they bloom (in Charms,
Strait fall into th' expecting Lover's Arms?

Sim. Why not? The mellow Pear, we ſee,
If over-ripe, forſakes the Tree.

Ida. Were We ſo courteous, and ſo forward (found,
We ſoon might lie neglected on the Ground.

I would that Woman
Should yield to no Man,
Or Love like Autumn-Fruit beſtow;

No, no, 'tis Reaſon,
You nick the Seaſon,
And take the Trouble to ſhake the Bough.

Sim. Can cruel *Ida* then conſent
To give her *Simo* Diſcontent?
And let him dwindle, till he but diſcover
The meagre Shadow of a luſty Lover?

Take me, while this Bloom and Grace
Give a Luſtre to my Face:

E'er this Shape and Mien forſake me,
Age unnerve, or Palſies ſhake me,
E'er Old Time *my Strength deſtroy,*
And I grow unfit for Joy.

Take me, while this Bloom and Grace
Give a Luſtre to my Face.

Ida.

Ida. Simo, thou know'ſt how much I love,
How much thy beauteous Form I prize,

But, ah! 'tis wond'rous, wond'rous ſweet,
To have a Lover
Some Pains diſcover,
And ſigh, and languiſh at our Feet.

Freely would I to thy Arms
Give up all my youthful Charms,
And thy gen'rous Paſſion meet:
But, ah! 'tis wond'rous, wondrous ſweet,
To have a Lover
Some Pains diſcover,
And ſigh, and languiſh at our Feet.

Sim. Soft! *Decius* comes; my Duck, retire:
'Twere well thou wer't not ſeen, till we
Can with more welcome Tidings greet him.

[Ida *goes out, and* Simo *retires to one Corner of the Stage.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

DECIUS *and* SIMO.

Dec. *O Love, thou anxious, pleaſing Gueſt!*
How are we pain'd, how are we bleſt!
Now we feel Deſpair and Anguiſh,
Now with Joy we ſweetly languiſh,
Hope and Fear divide the Breaſt.
O Love, thou anxious, pleaſing Gueſt!
How are we pain'd, how are we bleſt!

Simo, what ſays the charming Maid?
Will She be kind, and yield to Love?

Sim. 'Tis hard a Woman's Will to find;
Or by her Words expound her Mind.

Dec. Keep me not in Suſpenſe;
But ſay, at once,—— What Hopes remain?

Sim. Then, longer not in Doubt to hold you,
Take This— and think my Story told you.
[*Gives* Decius *the Bracelet.*

Dec.

Dec. Does She my Preſents and my Love deſpiſe?
Proud, and diſdainful Fair,
Thus to requite the Pains I've bore!

I no more a Slave will be,
Revenge ſhall ſet me free;
But, ah! ſhe hangs about my Heart.

Yet Rage ſhall remove
The God of Love,
And drive him from each Part;
But, ah! ſhe hangs about my Heart.

I no more a Slave will be,
Revenge ſhall ſet me free.

Sim. Rage will not make your Paſſion leſs;
To be reveng'd, is, to poſſeſs.
Paulina, tho' of Love afraid,
Is ſtill a Superſtitious Maid,
And by her Zeal may be betray'd.

Dec. Say on;—thy myſtick Words explain.

Sim. Oft ſhe to *Iſis'* Temple goes,
And piouſly renews her Vows;

With

With Gold ſuborn th' attending Tribe
Of Prieſts, (for Prieſts will take a Bribe:)
And They, by ſome well-wrought Device,
Will Her to your Embrace entice.

Dec. Thou kindeſt, beſt Aſſiſtant!
Receive this Earneſt of my Love:
[*Gives* Simo *a Purſe with Gold.*
Still ſerve my Flame, and *Decius* is thy Friend.
But to the ſacred Dome I'll ſtrait repair,
And execute the great Deſign.
Simo, this Signet quick to *Fulvius* bear,
And from him fifty Talents bring;
I at the Temple ſhall be found. [*Exit* Simo.

Bright Cytherea! *Queen of Love!*
The cold, relentleſs Charmer move:

O let her feel thy pleaſing Fire,
And breath into her Soul Deſire!

Bright Cytherea! *Queen of Love!*
The cold, relentleſs Charmer move.

[*Exit* Decius.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

IDA *and* SIMO.

Ida. *Simo*;

Simo. My Love;——I muſt not ſtay,
But to the Temple ſtrait away:
Yet, hold; receive this glitt'ring Store,
[*Gives her Gold.*
And think, if things hit right, of more.

My Genius now is buſie grown,
And Fate's reſolv'd my Worth to crown:
I'm fill'd with Thoughts of ſudden State;
'Tis Jove *inſpires*
Theſe big Deſires,
This ſtrange Ambition to be Great.

My Genius now is buſie grown,
And Fate's reſolv'd my Worth to crown.

Ida. Ah! *Simo*, if thy Wits remain,
If no bad Star has hurt thy Brain,
Let ſuch vain Whimſies ſtand confin'd,
And to thy Fortunes fit thy Mind:

Theſe Raptures would more welcome be,
If right employ'd, on Love, and Me.

The Nymph, that boaſts the happy Charms
To win a Lover to her Arms,
Is pleas'd to hear her Beauty's Praiſe:

When with artful Complaiſance
You our Beauty's Praiſe inhance,
O then you moſt our Liking raiſe.

The Nymph, that boaſts the happy Charms
To win a Lover to her Arms,
Is pleas'd to hear her Beauty's Praiſe.

Sim. For This ſome other Time allow,
Decius demands my Service now.
In ſhort, his Suit, as beſt thou may'ſt, promote,
And I to Thee my ſelf for Life devote.

Sim. } *And then, O then, my* { Ida } *dear,*
Ida. } { Simo }

Both. *'Twill all be Tranſport, Love, and Joy:*

Sim. *Then* } *at Will* { *I'll* } *revel here,*
Ida. *Thou* } { *ſhalt* }

Sim.

Sim. *Then I'll*
Ida. *Thou ſhalt* } *take unnumber'd Kiſſes,*

Sim. *Then I'll*
Ida. *Thou ſhalt* } *reap unnumber'd Bliſſes,*

Both. *And each Hour in Love employ.*

Sim.
Ida. } *And then, O then, my* { Ida / Simo } *dear,*

Both. *'Twill all be Tranſport, Love, and Joy.*

[Exeunt *ſeverally.*

SCENE V.

The Temple of ISIS.

A PRIESTESS, *and ſeveral* PRIESTS *attending.*

Prieſteſs. *Great* Iſis! *Siſter of the Sun!*
Thou, that the darkſome Cheek of Night
Doſt pale with Beams of Silver Light,
When we thy hallow'd Altars crown,
Incline, incline, thy ſacred Ear,
O Goddeſs, and propitious hear.

SCENE VI.

PAULINA, IDA, PRIESTESS, *and* PRIESTS.

Prieſteſs. *Paulina*, hail! O happy Maid,
Whoſe Mortal Beauties have a God inflam'd,
Divine *Anubis* ſighs for thy Embrace,
And to poſſeſs Thee from his Heav'n deſcends.

Paul. Ye gracious Pow'rs! Am I awake?
Alas! I tremble.——

Prieſt. Calm theſe Fears,
And to the Purpoſe of the Gods reſign;
So ſhall a Train of Joys attend thee:
But if, refuſing, you his Love deſpiſe,
Soon will that Bloom of Beauty change,
And Sickneſs wither all thy youthful Charms.

Paul. Give me ſome Proof, that by the God's
Thou doſt theſe Words pronounce. (Command

Prieſt. So, when by Viſion he his Will reveal'd,
Was I commiſſion'd to confirm thy Doubts:
And know, *Anubis* will with Pomp appear,
And from thy ſelf thy ſelf demand.

Paul.

Paul. *New Tranſports all my Pow'rs controul,*
They croud, and take up all my Soul:

Thro' ev'ry throbbing Vein I feel
An unacquainted Pleaſure ſteal.

New Tranſports all my Pow'rs controul,
They croud, and take up all my Soul.

Prieſt. Prepare; *Anubis* is at hand;
Sound all your Inſtruments of Joy,
With ſolemn Meaſures beat the Ground,
And celebrate the God's Approach.

[*A Dance, after which the* Prieſteſs *waves her Wand, and the* Temple *is chang'd,* &c.

SCENE VI.

DECIUS *as the God* ANUBIS, PAULINA, IDA, PRIESTESS, *and* PRIESTS.

Dec. *Celeſtial Maid! O far more bright*
Than Beauty's Queen, how great thy Charms!
The Graces *view Thee with Delight,*
And Cupid *revels in thy Arms.*

Celeſtial Maid! O far more bright
Than Beauty's Queen, how great thy Charms!

Enters SIMO.

Sim. Say, *Ida*, does the pious Fraud ſucceed?

Ida. Peace, Fool, I would thou wert not here,
That Face does too much Buſineſs wear.

Sim. I ſtand corrected, and to ſhew
I value your Advice, I'll go. [*Exit* Simo.

Dec.

Dec. Again, in Honour of *Paulina*'s Name,
The solemn Rites perform;
And let the Ecchoing Skies resound your Joy.

[*Here the Dance is renew'd, after which the Play goes on.*

F I N I S.